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SANGRE DE CRISTO NEWSNOTES

BY FATHER DANIEL E. JONES • BOX 89, WESTCLIFFE, COLORADO 81252 • (303) 783-2491

The Portrait in Our Lady's Eyes

By James T. Meehan, S.J.

IS IT IMAGINATION inflamed by devotion or scientific observation that sees in the eyes of Our Lady of Guadalupe the reflection of a man? A few years ago everyone would have voted for pious imagination. Not today. A greatly enlarged photograph of the face of the ancient image reveals a person who has been identified as Juan Diego, the Indian whom our Lady chose to speak for her to the Bishop of Mexico in 1531. This picture-within-a-picture is so plain that tour guides bring English-speaking visitors to the English Information Center where they point to the face of Juan Diego as another wonderful aspect of the miraculous painting.

Miraculous, you say? Yes indeed, with a list too long for this article of elements that cannot be explained by science or art. Imagine painting a masterpiece on raw cloth untreated for painting? And spoiled by a seam straight down the middle? If our Lady's face were not tilted toward the right, the seam would have disfigured her. The cloth is woven of cactus fiber that disintegrates in twenty years if not painted, or in six years if it is painted. Yet this picture was painted suddenly, without trace of brush stroke, in the presence of Bishop Zumarraga, December 12, 1531 — 439 years ago. It is still as rich in color as when first produced, despite 116 years without protection of glass covering, during which the smoke of hundreds of thousands of candles and the touches of hundreds of thousands of Indian hands should have blackened the painting beyond recognition.

But let us go back to the eyes. In 1929 Alfonso Marcué González noted the image-within-the-image when examining photographic negatives of the portrait. Authorities at the time asked him not to publish his finding pending more verification. In 1951 Carlos Salinas made a similar discovery and got a commission appointed by Archbishop Luís Maria Martínez of Mexico city to study this phenomenon. In 1955, on the evening of December 11, before the feast of Guadalupe, Mexicans were startled to learn from the radio that the eyes of the miraculous painting reflected the image of a man, identified positively as Juan Diego.

The portrait of Our Lady of Guadalupe which was not painted by human hands contains another portrait, in the eyes of Our Lady, of him to whom Our Lady deigned to appear on Tepeyac hill in 1531.

Scientific observations were made. Dr. Javier Torroello Bueno, oculist, testified, May 26, 1956, that he found reflected images on the cornea of the eyes of the portrait. He said the images were situated as they would occur in normal eyes, that they had the slight distortion which is normal from the cornea curvature. Eight weeks later, July 26, 1956, Dr. Rafael Torija Lavoignet gave the same testimony and added that by moving the light of his ophthalmoscope around the eye of the sacred portrait he found that the eye has the same depth as a normal eye. "It is impossible to obtain such a reflection from a flat, and, what is more, dark surface."

These examinations should have created a sensation in Mexico. But to hundreds of thousands of pilgrims who visit Villa Guadalupe every month they were simply one more incident in the living presence of our Lady who had

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NEWS AND VIEWS

IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY SCHOOL

This portion of News and Views is being hastily composed Friday, November 22, Feast of St. Cecilia. I am supervising a recreation afternoon at the Immaculate Heart of Mary School for 8 of its 12 students, while their teacher Mrs. Jean Marie Davis is running necessary errands. It is a chilly, windy afternoon; so,I'm sitting in one of the student's desks next to the airtight wood-burning stove near the center of the room. None of the students seem to feel any chill. Guess I'm just used to my smaller, warmer home office.

DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING

It is a beautiful, calm day; sun is shining and the temperature is in the low 40's. Most of last week's snow has melted and my Vietnam veteran friend Jack Harrington has been busy raking leaves and cutting down dead flower bushes. We try to get these yard chores done in the fall, but sometimes winter catches us and we just have to wait till spring to finish up.

Jean Davis and Colleen Kelly have been busy this week trying to catch up on the load of typesetting I've given them to do. We'll probably end up with 30-40 pages, which I'll have to edit out to come up with the 16-18 pages of material for this issue of the newsletter. We should have had this done in October, but..."C'est la vie!"

Tomorrow 18 of us Westcliffe traditional Catholics (we're 29 or so in number total) will be enjoying a homestyle Thanksgiving dinner up at the Rainbow Lutheran Camp Lodge. Every year they put on a Thanksgiving Day feed for 100 or so, mostly Wet Mountain Valley residents.

CHICAGO PRIESTS' MEETING

October 22 and 23 I was in Chicago with 24 other priests for tradition. We had a good meeting! Msgr. Ruscitto from Kingsburg, CA, gave us a really good spiritual life conference. After the Chicago Meeting several of the priests went on up to Milwaukee, WI, for Bishop Altenbach's funeral. He was one of the greats among the traditional priests in America, now likely one of the shining lights in Heaven!

I would have joined the celebration at Fr. John Lauretti's 50th anniversary in El Paso, November 21, except for being so limited with time and money for such a trip, plus a recent bout with the flu. Several traditional priests I know were planning to attend and help Fr. John celebrate this special occasion.

CARMELITE NUNS IN ALBUQUERQUE

The five Carmelite nuns from Cedar Hill, NM, whom you've read about in previous issues of this newsletter, made the arduous move to Albuquerque in October. They are having a tough go of it there. They get to a St. Pius X Society traditional Latin Mass on Sundays, but have no chaplain or traditional priest available most of the week. The potential convent site they were looking at near Westcliffe is still for sale. Also one non-Catholic benefactor has promised to donate $15,000 to them if they do move here. Postulants are waiting in the wings if a fully traditional Catholic Carmelite convent should materialize. Most of the Albuquerque Carmelites still attend the sacrilegious Novus Ordo liturgy when they can't get to the traditional Mass.

A Society of St. Pius X related Carmelite Monastery, I hear, was just opened in the eastern USA. Maybe they will pray for us out here in the West, too.

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Christmas Play at the Immaculate Heart of Mary School in Westcliffe, CO

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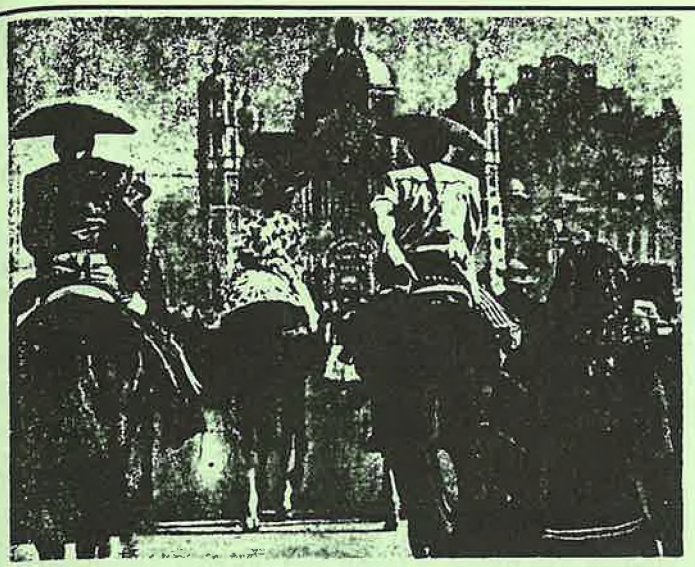

The annual pilgrimage of the Charros and their families. The church on top of the hill is the place where Our Lady appeared three times to Juan Diego. (Merle G. Wachter photo)

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said: "I am your merciful mother. The merciful mother of all who live united in this land, AND OF ALL MANKIND, of all those who love me, of those who cry to me, of those who seek me, of those who have confidence in me. Here I will hear their weeping, their sorrow, and will remedy, and alleviate all their multiple sufferings, necessities and misfortunes."

The Lady spoke with the cadences and repetitions of the Aztec language, that is part of modern Mexican:

"I wish and intensely desire that in this place my sanctuary be erected. Here I will demonstrate, I will exhibit, I will give all my love, my compassion, my help and protection to the people."

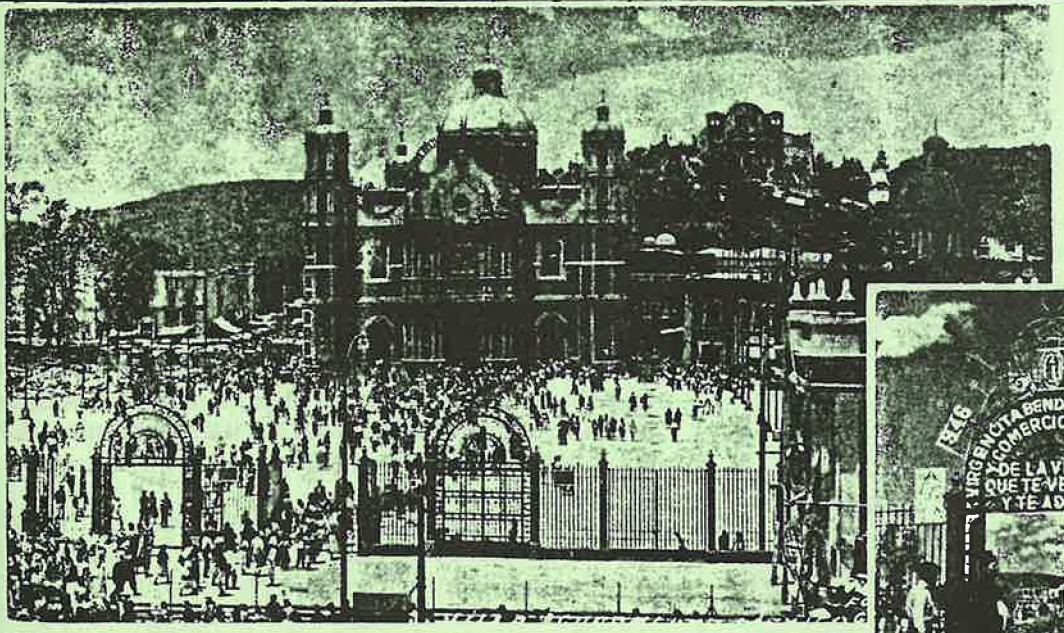
At Guadalupe one's faith is lifted. You see people of all walks of life coming and going all day long. They are prayerful, devout, in family groups, in large pilgrimages or alone. They pray their devotions as they please. Some walk two blocks on their knees from the center gate to the main entrance and then another block to the miraculous image over the main altar. This shrine is the second largest center of pilgrimage in the Catholic world. Every year over 5,000,000 pilgrims — an average of 15,000 a day — pray at Guadalupe. Not Lourdes, nor Fatima, but only Rome is a greater center for pilgrims.

This picture was responsible for the conversion of 8,000,000 Indians in a few years after 1531. Historians speak of 15,000 a day coming for baptism, and as many as 750 giving up plural wives to live with one wife only in the bonds of holy matrimony.

You can begin to understand this mass conversion only when you realize the miraculous image was for the Indians a book written in pictograms, as all their books were written, and meant to be studied as picture-writing.

So, our Lady surrounded by rays of the sun, yet hiding the sun itself. This told the Indians who worshipped the sun that she was more powerful than the sun. She appears standing on a burned-out crescent. The crescent was the Indian pictograph for Quetzalcoatl, their feathered serpent god, whom they worshipped with a religious fear, whom they appeased by offering the precious gift of human sacrifices. This told the Indians that the Lady was more powerful than their serpent god,.....

Editors note: This article appeared in an American Catholic Magazine before the Vatican Council II. The old Basilica shown here is closed. I haven't heard what the earthquake did in this part of Mexico City. The country is on the verge of a Communist style revolution. ◆ ◆ ◆



Above: The Basilica of Guadalupe, where the miraculous painting is kept, is the heart of the Mexican nation which holds together a country and a people separated by extraordinary barriers of geography, language, culture, conquest, revolution, poverty and persecution. Right: Entrance to the shrine.

"Listen, and treasure it in your heart, my beloved child: Let nothing dismay you, nor cast you down; nor let it alter your heart, or your face. . . . Am I not here, your mother? Are you not under my shadow, under my protection?" — Our Lady to Juan Diego

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FUNERAL FOR TIMOTHY R. BRICK

With the help of 69 year old Tim M. Brick from Blanco, New Mexico, on November ll I was able to get in the last two loads of firewood for the winter. The next day we buried his dear 99 year old father Tim R. Brick who had been so dutifully cared for by his son these last several years. After a Requiem High Mass in Pueblo we laid him to rest at Mt. Olivet Cemetery in Denver to await the Resurrection. This is the first funeral for which I was not only the celebrant, but also a pall bearer. At the cemetery, the undertaker Tim and I had to solicit the help of three cemetery employees to help us carry the casket to the grave.

Kathy Keller drove sixty miles from Westcliffe to Pueblo as did Jenny Harmon and Jean Davis to provide the choir for the Requiem High Mass. Jason Harmon served his first funeral Mass. Mike and Margaret Logel, who live at the chapel, and Mrs. John Stanko were also at the funeral. Mrs. Stanko is one of the many courageous and often poor and handicapped widows who attends Mass at the Immaculate Heart of Mary Chapel in Pueblo. She drives a dear, blind widow shut-in Mrs. Joe Menoskey to Sunday Masses and to the Friday Holy Hours and tries to stop in to check on her each day. Mrs. Menoskey's 34 year old daughter Marianne just had a serious cancer operation and plans to take follow-up "therapy" in a Dallas hospital where her brother-in-law doctor "practices." Marianne is the proprietor of the Pueblo Little Flower Church Goods Store which her devoted and generous father ran for so many years before God called him from this life.

PUEBLO DIOCESE ONLY CLOISTERED CONVENT CLOSES.

They closed the Cenacle in Pueblo. That is the former convent, chapel, priest's house, and half a block of grounds which was home for over 20 years for the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament Sisters. They were the only cloistered order of nuns in the Diocese of Pueblo. I gave them $1,135 (which I borrowed from my credit card company at 2l percent interest) for a quantity of their furniture, books, vestments, altar linens, crucifixes, etc.

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'Four magic words, WE CAN'T AFFORD IT, should be a part of every child's education. A child who has never heard those words-or has never been forced to abide by their meaning-has surely been cheated by his parents. As exercise strengthens the body, frugality strengthens the spirit. Without its occasional discipline, character suffers.'

SPEAKING OF THE GOLDEN YEARS

by Timothy R. Brick

Or; better the years of forgetfulness. What I am about to relate does not occur at one time or on one day (it just couldn't).

I promise myself to have a special place for all essentials, then I forget the place or to put things there. I get up in the morning and grope around for my glasses. I go to the bathroom to wash - "no soap" - so I wash the best I can. Then there are the choppers to be scrubbed (teeth that is).

I go to the kitchen to prepare breakfast, put the bacon on the grill and the eggs on to boil. I feel a movement coming on so I rush to the toilet. When I return to the kitchen, the bacon is burnt and the eggs boiled hard. I start to make toast - "no bread."

I always pray best after a hardy breakfast. I look around for my prayer missal, then I remember I left the prayer book in church.

Well; I just recline in the reclining chair and start counting my blessings. Then I relax for a while to recuperate from a hard night's sleep. In a short time I arise, go wash the dishes, and make the bed, etc.

After the second cup of coffee, I get ready to go out and breathe in some fresh smog.

I prepare to shave, sometimes I am out of blades, sometimes out of shaving cream.

I look for a shirt that has all the buttons on and no ring around the collar. Then I notice my trousers need to go to the cleaners; so, I dig out the spare and find that I forgot to have them cleaned.

Then I have to decide which tie to wear, the one with the soup stain on it or the one with the gravy spots.

Before starting out to shop I sit down and pain stakenly make out a list. When I get to the store I remember leaving the list on the table.

One morning I went to the toilet. To my surprise, I was out of (I am thinking hard now; I do not want to be crude) "paper." It was no tragedy; while a neighbor had borrowed the evening paper, I had saved a dodger from Super Drugs left by the mailman the day before. I saved the dodger to check and see if aspirin, mineral oil or suppositories were on sale.

I was eating breakfast a few days ago; thought I heard a knock at the door, hurried to find the hearing aid; and "lo and behold," when I opened the door, there stood another Golden Ager. She had forgot to buy coffee and sugar. Well she was lucky, I had some extra coffee; but I use saccharin.

I am writing this as a bachelor. I am sure if there was a woman around, things would be twice as confusing.

NORD DAVIS ON GOOD HEALTH

A friend of mine in North Carolina publishes what may well be the best monthly newsletter in the country on patriotic, health, and survival issues from a healthy & informed Christian perspective. He doesn't have a subscription list. You have to write in regularly to get his newsletters. Most folks, I think, try to send a donation when they write. I'd say they more than get their money's worth. You may have already heard of this newsletter and its publisher. It is **Off-the-cuff** by Nord Davis. I think you'll find his issue #73 (2 copies for $1.00 postpaid!) fascinating, and perhaps even a life saver. It contains some really good, up-to-date information related to health, which, if you have not heard of Nord Davis before, will be such a mind-opener and revelation to you, that you will likely either dismiss it as too good to be true, or you will follow through and perhaps have a lot of good things happen to you. I also really enjoy the little two-page monthly notes called **Off My Chest!** by Mr. Davis' executive secretary Betty Lou Hanson.

In any case I would be pleased to hear that you have gotten aquainted with Nord Davis and to hear what you think of his newsletter.

Write: Nord Davis, Jr.
P.O. Box 129
Topton, NC 28781

Though, not yet a Catholic himself, Mr. Davis has several Catholic friends he told me he thinks highly of. Like many of our New Order Catholics these days, Mr. Davis does not have the benefit of the true Mass and Sacraments, but as a humble, dedicated baptized member of Christ's Mystical Body, his fruits indicate to me that he has received and co-operated with much grace from God. Someday, God willing, he will also have the great grace (shared by faithful, God-fearing Traditional Catholics) of perceiving the preciousness of the Mass, Sacraments, the Blessed Virgin Mary and be given enlightenment on the reality of the Communion of Saints and the visible nature of the one true Church on earth.

VATICAN II INSPIRED BY THE DEVIL

One of these days the ground will be well enough tilled to more broadly expose the truth of the vast treason and apostacy in the Catholic Church. I think **Ursula Oxfort** from Florida has been doing a masterful job of demonstrating the theological and spiritual deviation connected with the calling and in the actual conducting of the Vatican II Council. Have you read yet her book **Pope John's Revolution** and/or are you on the mailing list to receive her regular bulletin **Christian Counter Revolution**? She shows very convincingly, actually I think she proves that the Vatican II Council was called as a result of an inspiration by an evil spirit, not by the Holy Ghost! Such a council, according to its now evident erroneous design, unholy manner of conduct, and its devastating sacrilegious fruits, must be eventually officially and definitively condemned, and publicly reproved for the evil thing it was. Faithful Catholics cannot remain faithful and at the same time follow the teachings of the Vatican II Council. You'll find Ursula Oxfort's address on page 5 of the September 1985 issue of the **Sangre de Cristo Newsnotes.**

Crucifix in the private Ave Maria Chapel in Trinidad, CO.

THE NEW "MASS" DENOTES A NEW CHURCH

by Father Oswald Baker
The Presbytery Chapel
Howdale Road
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ENGLAND

When the leader of the new Conciliar Church, Montini, known as Paul VI, died in 1978, one of the candidates for the headship was Cardinal Benelli, Archbishop of Florence. Among those fancied he was rated fourth. Ladbrookes offered odds of 4 to 1 on him. Still only in his fifties, he had been very close to 'Paul VI,' and prominent in every important decision since Vatican II. He was reputed to be lively, forceful, clearheaded. In 1977 Cardinal Benelli had a meeting with the President of the Una Voce Federation, an international association which campaigns for the restoration of the true Mass. When the President, who really should have known better, suggested that the new 'Mass' and the old might both be approved ('parity of rites'), Cardinal Benelli replied that this was unworkable, unthinkable, because, he explained, it would signify two Churches. The President, who should not have been, was shocked. Cardinal Benelli was right. Catholics who insist on the old Mass and Catholics who accept the new 'Mass' have quite different notions of what the Catholic Church is. All Catholics who are truly familiar with the two Masses will agree with Benelli's judgment. The new 'Mass' denotes a Church different from the Catholic Church. It is designed for a different kind of Church. The true Mass is of the essence of the authentic, unchanging Catholic Church.

The changes which produced the new 'Mass' were, we are all now well aware, largely the same as the changes made at the time of the Reformation by rebels who abandoned Catholicism and substituted for the Sacrifice of the Mass what they called the Lord's Supper, putting it in the vernacular, with the minister facing the people, a table instead of the altar, Communion in the hand, and the rest. That destruction of the Mass spelt the destruction of true religion, and of reverence and morality. Consider one dire consequence. The Mass and the priesthood are inseparable. The Mass is the supreme purpose of the priesthood. Attacking the doctrine of the Mass, Luther declared that there is no essential difference between priest and layman, no reason therefore why e.g. priests should not marry. He, a priest did so himself, and under his influence thousands of priests and nuns did the same. (Erasmus commented that the main purpose of the Reformation seemed to be turning nuns and priests into brides and bridegrooms.) Observe what has happened in our own day, since the new Church cast out the Mass. Priests discard the collar, they go off in thousands to marry (at present, autumn 1985, there are at Rome 5,800 applications pending, from priests, for dispensations to marry), the laity carry out priestly functions in church, reverence is scoffed at. All proving that "it is the Mass that matters."

Vatican II, recommending that the Mass be 'brought up to date,' introduced simultaneously a new notion of the Church. The statement in the original draft of the Dogmatic Constitution on the Church that the Church of Christ "is the Catholic Church" was changed by the Council to "subsists in the Catholic Church"-allowing the interpretation that the Church of Christ is wider than the Catholic Church. Vatican II emphasized all that unites Catholics and non-Catholics, Christians and non-Christians, to the point of obscuring the differences. It stressed that all the peoples of the earth, of all religions and none, form one community. Exclusion by excommunication was out-of-date. Correspondingly, no disciplinary measures were taken in the new Church against clergy preaching heresy or advocating immorality. There was no reprimand from 'Paul VI' of the many bishops who openly contradicted his declaration of the law of God on the delicate matter - an omission which seemed to show that his pronouncement had been merely a showpiece. The need to remain in fraternal communion superseded the need to preserve morality and doctrinal truth. With one reservation, this tolerant and friendly disposition of the new Conciliar Church became universal. All types were received in Rome and cordially welcomed, including Gromyko, who was decorated with a medal, and Kadar of Communist Hungary, enemies of God and His Church. Communists, Moslems, Pentecostalists, Rastafarians, atheists, all and sundry, with a single exception, are given an amiable welcome by the new Conciliar Rome. The exception being-Catholics who uphold the traditional integral Catholic Faith.

Togetherness is no doubt to be encouraged, but no at the expense of God's truth, God's laws, God's Church. The intention has been to draw Catholics and non'Catholics together. In the event, non'Catholics have not been converted, but innumerable Catholics have been perverted, the Church engaging in an exercise of what poor 'Paul VI' himself lamented (8/XII/68) as 'self-destruction.' A universal harmonious relationship

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is a dangerous aim. Chesterton wrote, "When Christianity comes to terms with the world, that will be the end of Christianity." Our Lord used the term "this world" to signify sinful humanity. "Wonder not if the world hate you." St. Paul warned, "be not conformed to this world, but be transformed." Certainly it is the Church's purpose to elevate a pathetic world, that is, to guide poor humans to heaven - not to help raise living standards ('liberation theology'). To make this world materially "a better place to live in" is a worthy aim, but it is the task not of the Church but of politics, a sphere which the Conciliar Church has disastrously and scandalously invaded. The new Church appears to deny the existence of hell and to forget about heaven. The quest for heaven has been replaced by preoccupation with earthly well-being. The Conciliar Church has renounced Catholicism's role of humanity's sole guide to heaven, assuming instead a status of parity with other religions, undertaking, in the words of 'Paul VI,' "to collaborate with society for the common good." It was not to serve temporal purposes that Our Lord founded His Church. The essence of the true Church's message to the world is that we are created for heaven and 'have here no abiding city.' That divinely authorized gospel will revive when the divinely instituted Mass is restored.

NATUROPATHIC DOCTOR AND FREEDOM FIGHTER COMES TO WESTCLIFFE

Dear Dan:

We are going to try and make it if the weather will co-operate. My friend is going to Chicago Tuesday and hopefully the information we have learned about the IRS and Fed. Reserve System is accurate and we will have something very interesting to share with your Patriot group. If a blackboard is available, it will help. Won't prepare a talk so much as try to fit in with what is basic and answer questions on different aspects. We are exposed to so many things that will be of interest and more important that may be helpful.

Will be limited as to what I can bring to test patients but we can get some pretty good ideas; in many cases, not much is needed.

You mentioned something about some information so that you can place it in the paper.

My background is as a Nutritionist, Homeopathic, Naturopathic Doctor, who works within the natural laws of nature. No harmful drugs are used only substances that will work with the body. The body if given the things it needs, in the form and quantities it needs, will often heal itself. It is also necessary to remove any blockages before any real beneficial results can ensue and the cause of these blockages involves a diversity of factors. The body is so complex that mere man can't approach it, thus it requires that we use the healing power of nature.

We look for the cause not the effect. Many of the problems are manifested as secondary problems so we must look for the primary cause. Regardless of all the problems do follow exactly without deviation the laws of nature.

There is a reason for every action within the body and for every action we note an equal and opposite reaction.

One of the goals is to teach people to understand their bodies and what is happening for the body does give clues (symptoms) manifesting what is going on and these clues (symptoms) are much more meaningful than any tests known to man.

If something comes up and we can't make it will let you know just as soon as possible.

For Yahweh and Country,

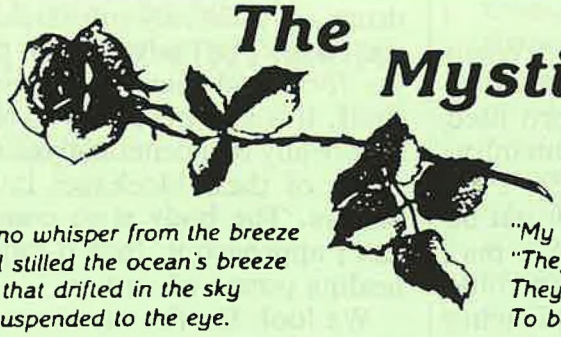
Wilbert Haberthier
Alternatives for Wellness
1504 Galena No. 102
Aurora, CO 80010
Telephone 303-343-4560

Editor's Note: On Oct. 17-18 I was pleased to have as my house guest Dr. Wilbert Haberthier and his friend Dale Haney from the greater Denver area. Both are knowledgeable and active in the freedom movement. Doctor Haberthier has helped several people I've referred to him. One man told me that in 3 weeks he did more for his daughter than 27 ordinary M.D.'s and specialists were able to do in two years. His daughter has a disease or metabolic dysfunction called lupus.

On Oct. 17 Doctor Haberthier was the guest speaker at our local "Ut Unum Sint Club." He easily held the interest of his audience, passing on to them, no doubt, facts and experiences many probably had suspicioned but not heard so-explained before.

The next day he met with and gave health related consultations and examinations to a number of people in my home, despite the circumstance that on that day the whole valley was without power from early morning till mid-afternoon.

GOD looks neither at long nor beautiful prayers, but at those that come from the heart.--*Catechism Notes (I.). THOUGHTS OF THE CURE D'ARS*



The Mystic Rose

There was no whisper from the breeze
A calm had stilled the ocean's breeze
The clouds that drifted in the sky
Appeared suspended to the eye.

The grasses bowed, and showed respect
The oceans waves were held in check
The flowers turned their heads and stared
All creatures stood, and were not scared.

It was the time that God had chose
To tell them of his Mystic Rose
To be so pure like White of Snow
To bring the WORD to those below.

After he spoke, all things returned
To as they were before they learned.
Except an Owl who sat near by
And looked at God with his huge eyes.

"My Little Bird," then God did say
"Why did you not fly away?
Is it because you have some need?
A Fish, A Mouse, some other feed?"

"Oh no, My God," the Owl did say
"You give us these things every day.
I wondered why it's us you chose
To tell us of your Mystic Rose?"

"My Little Bird," then God did say
"Your life is short, just like a day
Unlike all men, with time for leisure
That's why I told you of My pleasure."

"Ah Yes, My God," the Owl replied
"And all too soon, we all will die
But men will live for time on end
I wondered Why you didn't tell them?"

"My Little Bird, I must not show
My glory to the men below.
They lack the purity of heart
And that is why we must stay apart."

"But Oh, My God," the Owl did say
"How will they know, as us today?
Could you not send some other one
To tell them all of what you have done?"

"My Little Bird, there are so few
That do exactly what I want them to.
I'll send an angel to tell them so
But all too few will want to know."

"How is that Lord?" the Owl did say
We do your will just like you say
Why is it as you tell me so
That people don't, I want to know."

"My Little Bird," then God did say
"They have a will to choose their way,
They make a choice, their hearts desire
To be with me or eternal fire."

"O Gracious God," the Owl replied
"I am confused by what you say
We are content to see your face
Why should they choose some other place?"

"My Little Bird," then God replied
"I'll take you with me, to the sky
Sit by my throne and be content
And watch the world with its events.

I'll spare your life, 'til world's at end
And then you'll know the why's and when's.
Sit on this perch and gaze below
And see them choose where they will go."

And so the Owl gazed with intent
And watched the world with its events.
A puzzled look was on its face
They were so strange, that human race.

"Oh God, Oh God," the Owl did say
"Look down below, see what they have done,
Those people there have killed your Son.
Only four stood at his side, and all the
Rest went out to hide."

"My Little Bird," then God replied
"He went upon the earth to die,
But soon he will rise and be with me
Upon this throne for you to see."

"Oh God, Oh God, the Virgin cries
Because your Son's not at her side.
To see her suffer breaks my heart,
How long must she stay apart?"

"My Little Bird," then God replied
"In time she, too, will be at my side.
I'll crown her Queen of Heaven and earth
But she must give example first."

"Oh God, Oh God, look down below
The people rushing, to and fro.
They have ignored the WORD has taught
Look at the wrongs, what they have wrought."

"My Little Bird, I see the strife
I'll send her back to change their lives.
She will bring to them a means of grace
She will bring the Rosary to that place."

"Oh God, Oh God," the Owl did say
So few that say the prayers today
The rosary sits and gathers dust
Their souls appear like dirt and must."

"They have cast your cross upon the ground
And smashed the statues all around
They say you didn't mean what you say
They preach to live, just for today."

"My Little Bird, no need to shout
I also see what's all about.
I'll send her back, in another way
It will be to Guadalupe."

"Oh God, Oh God," the Owl did say
"They all forgot Guadalupe.
I see the spread of many a creed
Some say of you, they have no need."

"My Little Bird, I'll send her back
To many a Saint, to stress the facts
So everyone, of every station
Will know the true revelation."

"Oh God, Oh God," the Owl replies
"What Saints have said, they have denied
They say there is no need to believe
It's merely private revelation, they received."

"My Little Bird," then God replied
"Perhaps they are not satisfied
I'll send her back, the One I Love
With something new, from up above
A peace of Heaven on a string
The Scapular will be the thing."

"Oh God, Oh God," the Owl did say
"They threw the Scapular away
Others wear it with presumption
They are filled with evil, like comsumption."

"My Little Bird, I see it so
I'll send her back so ALL will know
I'll make the Sun appear to fall
That should convince them, one and all."

"Those men below, show no contrition
Even though Her apparitions.
This time She will tell them, and will warn
What happens if her words are scorned."

"Oh God, Oh God, just look and see
The world's as wicked as can be.
They are piling up the ammunition
Instead of Mass, they are going fishing.

"And even YOURS lose their profession
Some say there is no need for confession.
Sacred things, they have defiled
It seems to me they have all gone wild.

"And look at all the distortion
Instead of life, they have abortion.
And all the evils are released
Now they kill and call it Peace.

"They failed to pray for the conversion of Russian Reds
But pray for cars and boats instead.
The Vicar of Christ, they have ignored
And do the reverse of he has warned."

"My Little Bird, now wars will come
To punish them, all and one.
I'll send her back, one last promotion
She will bring to them, my new devotion.

"Oh God, Oh God, Your Virgin's crying
And even You, they are denying.
They curse at her and threw her out
And Flags of Red are all about."

"My Little Bird, the time has passed
My Justice now, will come at last.
It's not the way it's meant to be,
They had a choice and they were free

"Because they did not want my love
There is no room for them above.
So watch as all will soon expire,
The World itself will burn with fire."

"Oh God, Oh God," the Owl did say
"Please take my life, right now today.
I do not wish to see the fire
I've seen enough of why's and when's
I do not wish to see the end."

"My Little Bird, you had your wish
You did not want a mouse or fish,
Instead you asked for why's and when's
You WILL remain, until the End.

"I give to all what they aspire
The die is cast, as to the fire
The choice was made, my word is true
They must live with it, just like you."

And so the mushroom clouds did rise
There was no place for one to hide.
The oceans boiled and mountains quaked
As all below in fire was raked.

A lifeless, stillness, filled the air
There was none left, not anywhere.
Where once a major city stood
Remained a statue carved in wood.

The tears were streaming from its eyes
And dropping on the dust near by
Whose image that it was engraved?
The Mystic Rose, that was its name.

The Owl Bowed its head and sighed
And he and God began to cry.
"If only they did what they were told
And listened to his Mystic Rose."

Donald Giesregen
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12-31-84

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AN INTERVIEW WITH BISHOP CASTRO-MAYER

Reprinted from "The Roman Catholic"

In an interview granted to Jornal da Tarde, Dom Antonio de Castro Mayer, former bishop of Campos and leader of traditionalist priests, criticized the conduct of the Vatican with regard to the theologian Leonardo Boff and to the theology of liberation and classified as deceitful the recent indult granted by the Holy See, authorizing, in specified circumstances, the traditional Mass. The prelate also accused the present-day Church of heresy, affirming that the Church which adheres formally and totally to the Second Vatican Council, which is heretical, cannot be the Church of Jesus Christ.

The following is the text of the prelate's interview:

Catholics are divided regarding the recent document of the Vatican against the theology of liberation. Some find it to be very positive, while others accuse it of being ambiguous. What is your opinion about the document and about the catechisms which nowadays are in circulation and deviate from the traditional doctrine of the Church?

In the Document of Cardinal Ratzinger on the theology of liberation, or theologies of liberation, there is an attempt to explain them, more than a condemnation. The document censures only the infiltration of the Marxist analysis into these theologies.

The bustle around the "theologian" Boff ended in a peaceful harmony. There was neither a retraction, nor properly speaking a public explanation!

Regarding the catechisms, silence again descended over the observations of Cardinal Ratzinger made in Notre Dame. As long as they do not eliminate in the Mass the equivocations which alter its orthodoxy, they do not protect the Faith sufficiently. The fundamental law always remains valid: "legem credendi lex statuat supplicandi." At the root of all this evil is the false ecumenism installed with Vatican II. As we said on another occasion, the conciliar ecumenism presents itself more as praxis than as a doctrine.

The doctrine is found in the declaration Dignitatis Humanae, with which the Second Vatican Council wanted to sanction, as a natural right of man, religious liberty, understood as freedom of religion. For Catholic doctrine, this right would be a logical aberration, if before that it were not a blasphemy.

In fact, it is unthinkable that the Church, whose voice is the very voice of God, could affirm the right of man to choose between the most varied human conceptions of God, against the unique Truth which God Himself revealed concerning Himself.

About this doctrine contained in the conciliar declaration, we already said that it is heretical. Vatican II, by declaring it a natural right of man to follow the religion dictated by one's own conscience, or not to follow any, proclaimed the right to error. Now, error cannot be the foundation of any right. Error is contrary to human nature which was made for truth. How can it claim conformity with that nature? It adds that, in this matter, there is a divine law which imposes the obligation on the part of man to profess the Catholic religion. How could the Church admit a right against this Sovereign Will? Worse still: how could she say that this right against the Divine Will is a natural right, founded therefore in human nature itself! Only by admitting that man is above God! Now, this is worse than heresy: it is an aberrant apostasy! Therefore the Second Vatican Council proclaimed an objective heresy!

Those who follow it and apply it have demonstrated a pertinacity which, normally, characterizes a formal heresy. We do not yet accuse them categorically of this pertinacity and nullify the smallest possibility of ignorance about such grave questions. In any case, even if this pertinacity would not manifest itself in the form of an effective offense against the Faith, it manifests itself clearly in omitting to defend it.

The Church which adheres formally and totally to Vatican II with its heresies is not nor could it be the Church of Jesus Christ. In order to belong to the Catholic Church, to the Church of Jesus Christ, it is necessary to have the Faith, that is not to put in doubt or deny any article whatever of Revelation. Now, the Church of Vatican II accepts doctrines which are heretical, as we have seen. One can admit, however, the possibility that there be faithful in good faith who do not know that Vatican II adhered to heresy. But the bishops? It is difficult to admit it, even while not excluding it as an absolute possibility.

As to the possibility that a pope govern the Church rejecting that which she defined, history records the case of Honorius I, condemned posthumously by the Third Ecumenical Council of Constantinople and by Pope Saint Leo II for having "permitted with a sacriligious act of treason that the immaculate faith would be tarnished."

It is certain, however, that the Catholic Church is the only bride of Christ. There are no others. To present her as "one among others" is to equate truth with error, which is the essence of all heresies. A church irreversibly enlisted in this

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post-conciliar ecumenism is not the Church of Christ, the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church. The faithful cannot follow its teaching. Catholics, in order to remain faithful to the teachings of Our Lord Jesus Christ, must be alert and vigilant in order not to allow themselves to be carried away by this false church.

The news of the indult for the traditional Mass brought satisfaction to Archbishop Lefebvre and irritated the progressivists. Later, however, upon taking notice of the Vatican document on the subject, Archbishop Lefebvre revised his initial position and reacted less positively. Knowing the Vatican document, what is your opinion?

At first sight, and with a certain truth, the initiative of the Vatican involves the recognition, not only of the attachment that many Catholics, throughout the world, maintain with regard to the Mass, but also, moreover, of the intrinsic value of the traditional Ordo Missae. I believe Archbishop Lefebvre intended to point out this aspect of the papal attitude, which would be the positive aspect. From the progressivists one could only expect statements deploring it. I believe they would only be pleased with a totally modernistic Mass, flavoring of the socio-cultural openings of the contemporary world. Without judging the intentions, objectively, the Indult seems to us to be a deceitful measure. It would be a deceitful Indult. Deceitful because, taking the very title of Indult, it insinuates that it abrogates the perpetual Indult previously granted by St. Pius V, with the right of his apostolic authority, to all priests, for all times and in any place to celebrate according to the traditional missal, deceitful because, with appearance of being favorable to those who are faithful to the traditional Mass, in reality it conditions them to comply with the wishes of the bishops who are contrary to that Mass; deceitful, finally, because, before this Indult, no one seriously put in doubt the liceity of the traditional Mass. Now comes an Indult allowing it, only in some cases. It therefore presupposes that the Mass of all time had been suppressed. ✦

Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle; be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil. Rebuke him, O God, we humbly beseech Thee: and do thou, O Prince of the heavenly host, by the divine power drive into hell Satan and the other evil spirits who wander through the world seeking the ruin of souls.

Amen

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sept. 22, 1985

Dear Father Jones,

Thank you for sending Sangre De Cristo Newsnotes. Till now it came to my brother Paul Jaszewski. He died and I would like to have you keep sending it on to my name Victor Jaszewski, Rt. 2, Box 53, Independence, WI 54747. Paul and I lived together on this farm for almost 40 years-neither of us married-so now I am here alone. I am 67 years old and both Paul and I never did approve of the Novus Ordo. I would so much like to attend a traditional Latin Mass where the priest and the people face the altar. When we had the traditional Latin Mass (till 20 years ago) there was no confusion and we could really pray in church. And after we attended Mass, we came home uplifted. Now it's not there. It's just like going to a theater-that hand shaking and hand clapping, etc. It is not sacred anymore and each church does it differently. Before it was the same no matter if you went to a Polish, German, or English Church. We had our prayer books in the language we understood and the priest said the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in Latin. It was beautiful. I would like to see it come back to that.

God Bless You!

Yours truly,

Victor Jaszewski

P.S. I am glad that Paul was wearing his scapular when he died. I wear mine too.

Pretty shrine in the Denver, CO, home of David and Lucinda Meyer.

Christian Viewpoint

by
Rev. Steven M. Schlei

In the March 1984 issue of the **Phyllis Schafly Report** (Box 618, Alton, Illinois 62002), there was an article on the National Education Association's (NEA) "legislative program" as published in its 1984 Annual.

Some of the proposed agenda is shocking, but not really surprising, considering the source.

The NEA supports forced busing to achieve racial integration. Many parents consider extra bus riding to satisfy some fruitcake bureaucrat's arbitrary formula of racial balance to be a waste of their children's valuable time that could better be spent at home with their parents.

The NEA supports a "national health insurance plan" (i.e., socialized medicine). Of course, you, the taxpayer will pick up the tab for this proposal. Keep in mind, there is no such thing as a free lunch. **Somebody has to pay.**

Socialized medicine has the inherent dangers of credit card buying. The upfront payment for these services is minimal or non-existent. So, people tend to overuse and abuse what gives the illusion of being "free" or "cheap." In socialized medicine, the real "pain" comes with astronomical taxes, or rationed health care, or both.

The NEA "opposes any effort to amend the Constitution respecting tax limitations or the federal budget and the indexing of future income tax revenues." This has to be one of the most asinine of all their positions. Even the most dim-witted animal has an **instinct for survival.** The government gravy train for public education can only continue **if** the government remains intact. Yet, the future of our government and nation grows bleaker every day that the politicians spend us into oblivion. So far, our politicians have shown little or no restraint with regard to budgets. They have taken a "devil-may-care" attitude about the future to feather their own re-election nests by handing out economic favors to all the special interest groups, one of which is the NEA. Yes, there is little doubt that the NEA would lose revenue if our government suddenly became fiscally responsible, but to support the status quo is a short-sighted courting of sure disaster.

The NEA wants to remove funds from national defense and spend those monies on federal programs for government (public) schools. What should be cut in the national defense? Well, the NEA has an answer as to where it will get this money. It supports a nuclear freeze and wants the children in the schools to be educated in this mindset as well.

Say, maybe we should **bus** the NEA teachers to instruct in the **Kremlin** schools to brainwash the upcoming Soviet generation to take this position.

What is frightening about all this is that a vast number of teachers continue to support this radical union—teachers that will be molding the minds of young children. Is this the curriculum you want your children to learn? There is an alternative, you know.

There are private Christian schools that will teach your children God's curriculum.

As the Curtis Mathes commercial goes, it may cost a little more, but the results are worth it. Let the NEA teachers share **their** curriculum with the bare walls of the classroom. Let your children be learning where the real world is!

Summer of 1985 saw four Carmelite nuns from New Mexico flying to Westcliffe, CO for a look-see at a potential new convent site. Also in the picture, which was taken at the Aztec, NM airport, are Mrs. Jane Carrico, the pilot Ron Albritton, Father Jones, and Rosemarie Davis.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, 1985.

Dear Father Jones,

Greetings from the beleaguered Catholic remnant of the British Isles.

According to my reckoning, my subscription is now due for the SDCN. I, therefore, enclose herewith an IMO for $10 for a further 4 issues.

I can't tell you how much I enjoy reading this excellent publication of yours. God will surely reward your efforts a thousand fold.

Many thanks also for the copy of "The Resurrection." Unfortunately, due to my financial situation (no work for over 5 years) I am very limited in just what I can afford to subscribe to. So I will have to give it a miss.

Also, I do not feel I can, in good conscience take magazines which owe allegiance to the anti-pope, heretic, schismatic and scandalous Karol Wojtyla.

I will, however, be taking out a subscription to your sister publication "Catholics Forever." I have been in touch with Father Robert and am very impressed.

By the way, today is the 500th anniversary of the Battle of Bosworth, when good King Richard III was cruelly slain and England had the appalling Tudar dynasty inflicted on her.

Yours in the Faith,

John Rowley

P.S. The beard suits you! Of course, I am biased as I have one too! Much longer and untidier than yours, though. Shoulder-length hair, too. I'm a bit of a hippie.

P.P.S. If I might blow a trumpet for a kindred publication, might I recommend: The Catholic Cross, 40, Purley Oaks Road, Sanderstead, Surrey, England. The editor (a retired Major) sends this out free; but if any readers would like a copy, I feel sure he would appreciate something towards the postage.

October 5, 1985

Dear Father,

I extend my sympathy and prayers to you in the loss of your father, which I learned about in your bulletin of August 20.

I think of you and look forward to each issue of the Sangre de Cristo Newsnotes. You are still very busy, and I do hope you will not over-do.

My husband, Charles, died in May, 1981. I have stayed on the farm since then, but have it up for sale now. It is getting too much for me, even though I love to live out here where it is peaceful and quiet, with the birds, rabbits and occasionally a deer. One came into my yard this spring, and there have been some in the corn field during the summer - they come up from the river. My renter will be wanting to quit farming before too long, and it is hard to find a new renter. So I hope my place will sell soon. Property isn't moving that good now, so it may take awhile.

I keep busy, too-sometimes being away from home too much and letting things go around here. If the weather will just stay nice for awhile yet, I should get caught up.

A check is enclosed which I hope will be of some help with your expenses.

God bless you.

Sincerely,

Gertrude Swift
Olney Springs, CO 81062

November 13, 1985

Dear Father Jones,

I enjoy your Sangre De Cristo Newsnotes for many reasons and especially so because you are of the faithful remnant of the Catholic Church. Our humble church of St. Edwards here is a victim of the Novis Ordo and often times I try to picture the glory that was the Latin Tridentine Mass.

Enclosed is a check to renew my subscription and 2 gift subscriptions to below names and addresses.

May God Bless your work and all who labor therein.

Yours in Jesus and Mary,

Walter Raczka

YELLOW FEVER

by "Mountain Bob"

YELLOW FEVER

Move in a little closer to the campfire; and here, have yourself some more of this coffee.

You see them jagged snow-covered peaks up there the moon is acastin' shadows on, just off to the left, that long, high, white ridge trailin' off to the south, well that's Marble Mountain.

I've pounded on rocks a prospectin', lookin' for the yeller a good many seasons up there in that high country. Down through the years I've talked to several of those school folks that are suppose to know their rocks and to the Jasper, they all told me I was a waistin' my time.

According to their theoretical theories, mixed up with fancy rappin's, I gathered the message that the mountains here abouts are too young to contain any of the yellow stuff I've been hasslin' almost a lifetime to find. Well, the way I figured it, the rocks round abouts here have to be just as old as identical rocks any place on this old wheel we are all spinnin' with.

My thinkin' is that during the days of great contortions old Marble and a few other bumps just heaved up a little later, that's all.

Well, it's there alright, the metal that can warp a man's mind, the metal men have died for. The dream of just finding gold has driven many a good man mad. Yes, it's there alright, and lots of it. I've dug it; I've fingered it; and I've just sit meditatin', watchin' it glitter in the flicker of my miner's lamp.

Pardon me, I seem to be getting ahead of my story. After combing the mountains around here for a good many seasons, I narrowed an area down to a few hundred square yards. I had come to the conclusion that if it were not in this area in paying quality, I'd forget this range and look elsewhere. Perhaps the scholars were right.

For testing rocks for gold in the field, I use a method shown to me by an old prospecting friend that has since passed away. The method is so simple, quick, and practical that it is amazing; and the fact is that it works. By this method you cannot always tell how much a piece of rock may contain, but you can definitely tell whether or not it contains gold. Really, that's a big help just knowing you are in an area that has good possibilites. In the past I had found just enough that old Marble kept pulling me back. I had panned good color in Sand Creek on the western side; and with my testing of quartz float, I was convinced I was on the right track; but with the slide rock, topsoil, scrub brush, etc., a person could work a lifetime with a pick and shovel and never be able to tell where he was at. I have spent days doing such things to the point of exhaustion getting nowhere. In '82 I was in the area I had narrowed down on the eastern side just below the caves. Oh yes, I've heard your stories about the Spaniards, the gold bars, the wooden doors, etc., and a lot of other miss mash pertaining to the caves. I've done a lot of research on the caves myself, and I feel safe in saying I've done as much crawling around in those caves as anyone in recent times. If anyone doubts my word, I say let them step forward. I would like to hear from them.

I had moved my camp a couple times during the summer so I would be camped in the general area I was prospecting in for convenience. So, the last part of August I was camped on the north fork of Hudson Creek at timberline, a beautiful spot for a camp, my large lean-to nestled in the trees, the creek rollicking by, lots of firewood scattered about. Here I was getting restless, the rain had set in as the rain can at that altitude, just a cold continuous drizzle. I had been holed up in my lean-to for three days; and any morning I could wake up with a heavy snow on the ground; and I would have to pull out and wait out another winter before I could get back to searchin' for the yellow again. Layin' in the lean-to, sippin' on a mug of hot coffee, listening to the rain drops constantly hissin' at each other as they hit the hot embers of my campfire, I got to thinking, perhaps I should try one of the caves again. Sure they would be cold, muddy, and very wet, as most of them always are, but I'd be doing what I love to do. I would be out of the direct down pour of the rain once I got there. And maybe, just maybe, somewhere in that vast network of passages, inclines, rooms, tunnels, crevices, cracks and crannies, I surmized there could possibly be exposed a vein of quartz containing the yellow. Gathering a few essentials, rope, miner's lamp, etc., together up the mountain in the rain I went to have one last look. The reason I picked the cave I did was because I had left a spool of very strong string hid at the entrance of this cave. I would fasten the string at the entrance and unwind the spool as I went along in case anything went wrong, like getting lost, or my light failing. I could always find my way back to the surface.

Lighting my lamp into the cave I went, sometimes crouching, sometimes crawling. The cave would come and go, up and down, in and out. There were rooms you could stand erect in with passages going off in several directions to who knows where and places you had to pull with your elbows and push with your feet to squeeze through. Glancing at my watch, I could hardly believe I had been in the cave five hours. Realizing this, the fact how miserable I was, extremely tired, soaking wet, very cold and covered with gooey mud, I felt like all I wanted to do was lie down and sleep. Also, I noticed I was out of string on the spool; I had completely used up fifteen hundred feet of it. At the time I was in a fairly large room; I'd have a quick look around; and then, as quickly as I could, I would back track to the surface. Walking briskly around I noticed a dark spot in a far-off corner. Moving quickly to it, there was a steep incline that appeared to be about thiry feet deep. Back to my gear at the end of the spool I picked up my two fifty foot lengths of rope, connecting link, pitons, and hammer. Back at the incline with ropes connected and securely fastened, down the incline I went. I knew I was stretching my limits just a little beyond; but really now, isn't this the between of the true and the common. On bottom I was at the connecting link of the ropes, fifty feet down instead of thirty. Oh well, what if my judgment is a little off. Say, what in Hades is the glow in the distance caused by the flicker of my miners lamp. Crawling quickly I was to it. In a passage about

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four feet square exposed in a vein of quartz about five inches wide was the yellow.

All my dreams of a lifetime flashed before my eyes. I just sat there a few minutes laughing and crying at the same time. Scratching with my fingers and small pocket knife, I came to my senses. Looking at my bleeding fingers, I realized I must get back to camp and obtain a chisel, small canvas bag and the wherewith all to gather a little of this gold sensibly and get out of the high country while the gettin's good. Now that I had finally found it, next summer I could fulfill my dreams.

Crawling back to the bottom of the incline, I started up slipping and sliding. It was a strenuous effort reaching the top. Easily finding the string, I quickly followed it to the surface. It was dark! It had been fourteen hours since I had left camp, still raining that monotonous drizzle that soaks one to the bone, regardless of the type of clothing they may be wearing.

Back at camp, not building a fire or fixing anything warm to eat or drink, I gathered up what I needed. Small canvas bag, chisel, etc., and back up to the cave I went. At the mouth of the cave I was going to refill my carbide lamp. The carbide in my hip flask was worthless; in my haste of the previous filling I had failed to tighten the cap and had lost it. The carbide had soaked up moisture and had turned into mush. Oh well, I still had the candles in my sleeve pocket and my pocket flashlight.

With the flashlight into the cave I went, following the string to the spool. Quickly finding the incline, down the rope I went. Everything seemed more slippery with mud and I landed on bottom with a teeth-shattering jar. I felt as though every joint in my body had come apart.

Crawling back to the vein I chipped and hacked away frantically. All my aches and weariness disappeared as though by magic as I dug away at the gold. Scooping the chunks and chips of several pounds, my flashlight was getting dim. I'd get out; I told myself not to be greedy; there would be another day. Anyway, several pounds was plenty for proof of find. Leaving my tools and dragging the bag, back to the incline I crawled. I noticed I was crawling through puddles of mud that I hadn't noticed before. As I started up the incline, plop, plop, plop! There were gobs of mud plopping down. The mud was like grease; the rope and incline was so slick I could only make a few feet and then I'd slip back down again. I told myself not to panic; I had been in tight spots before. What to do! Well, quickly I unslung the bag from my shoulder. Kicking off my shoes, I shed all my mud soaked clothes, stripping down to my thermal underwear. With the dull flashlight held by my teeth and wearing my hardhat, up the roap I went slowly, but making progress. Every few feet I would wrap the rope around my arms and hang there a few moments regaining my strength. At intervals here would come the mud again. Plop, plop, plop! As I was nearing the top a tremendous glob of mud came down hitting me, knocking my hat off and causing me to lose the light, both clattering off to the bottom. The mud hit me so suddenly I nearly lost my grip on the rope; I shuddered just thinking about it.

With one last effort I pulled myself on up to the top. In the dark of dark I crawled a few feet from the lip of the incline. Lying in the mud on the floor of the cave, I started laughing like a maniac; I had done it again. I had beat the odds again. Then I broke into sobs.

On all fours in the darkness I went around in the room feeling ahead as I went, groping in the mud. Finally I found it, the spool and lifeline of string that led me to the surface. The blasted rain! Couldn't it quit, slow down, change to snow, anything but that monotonous drizzle? Slipping, sliding, groping, crawling, the sharp rocks and scrub brush slashing at me constantly, I made my way the half mile back down to the edge of the timber. The sky was starting to turn a very dull foggy gray in the east. Finding my camp, I rolled up in my bedroll; I was too weak to do anything; I did not even have the strength to zip up my sleeping bag. What a sight I must have been, my socks and underwear in threads, hair and body caked and matted with mud, bruised and bleeding from a hundred cuts and scratches; I must have looked like a creature that had just emerged from the depths of hell. My wristwatch gone, I had lost all track of time. I remember starting to shake uncontrollably and then I must have passed into the sleep of the dead.

Awaking, the sky was the same, a dull foggy gray in the east. Had I just dozed a few moments? As exhausted as I had been that was hardly possible, I must have slept the clock around. I felt warm and well-rested but terribly hungry. When I tried to move, I ached all over severely.

Thank goodness I had had the foresight to have stashed plenty of tinder and dry wood within the shelter of my lean-to. Soon I had a good fire going and was dressed in warm, dry clothing and boots from my duffel bag. Sipping hot soup and mugs of coffee, I began to feel much better, although I still ached terribly. With the raindrops hissing at each other again, I sat pondering what to do. Unconsciously, I picked up a length of rope. At intervals between sips of soup and coffee, I would tie a knot every two feet, the better to grip it with should I ever traverse an incline again. I'd make this a cardinal rule that meant survival in the high country.

I stayed in camp a couple of days recuperating, covering my surplus gear with a tarp and pine boughs, hoping the rain would slacken. I was getting ready to pull out until spring when I would give it another try.

Heaven forbid, what was I thinking about! With my eyes on the rope with the knots and feeling much better, why not go back to the cave, retrieve the bag of gold, then get out of the high country. In spite of the rain or whatever, with the rope of knots I could do it easily. Although I still ached somewhat I was completely rested and had my strength back. I estimated if I hurried and traveled light, I could be back at camp with the bag of gold within at the most from three to four hours. Putting the bare necessities: candles, water-proof matches, flashlights, etc., in my pockets, I picked up the rope and back up the mountain I went. I'd beat that mountain yet; I'd have the last laugh; no darn mountain could get the best of me! Upon entering the cave I hadn't traveled more than half way when I

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came to the end of the string. I couldn't believe my eyes; the cave from this point on was full of mud! My bag of gold was buried under litterally hundreds of tons of mud.

Sitting there in the cave I started shuddering, tears streaking down my face, knowing quite well how easily in all my stupidity I could have been forever buried with my bag of gold. Who in the hell am I to even ever let the thought that I could beat a mountain enter my stupid head!

Upon reaching the surface again I just took my time picking my way through the brush and rocks in the rain back down to camp. Quickly I had a good fire going. Fixing some hot food and coffee, it was starting to get dark. As I sat there watching the fire and sipping my coffee, I suddenly became very depressed. I asked myself, was any effort ever worth anything? You can listen to the pros and cons of a thousand discussions; do any of them really make any sense? What is this whole ball of wax all about that mankind is continually muddling around about?

My thoughts kicked around a dozen subjects; then my mind drifted back to the mud in the cave. No doubt it took thousands of years of leaching and erosion for those caves to form. From water seeping down from the surface over a period of time, vast collections of mud deposited in the labyrinth of caverns above. With the right water content the mud became soup and started seeking a lower level. The mud coming down the incline as I was trying to climb out was the beginning of the massive movement of mud that was about to take place. Being completely possessed at the time with yellow fever, it never entered my head just what was taking place. Now just thinking about it causes cold chills to run up my spine.

Into my bedroll I went; and as I began to absorb the warmth of it, an extremely peaceful feeling came over me; everything seemed as it should be after all as I went to sleep.

Morning again, it had turned a little colder during the night. What a welcome sight! Snow was falling lightly and the ground and pine trees were covered with a couple inches of it.

Hastily I went about, not even taking time to rekindle the fire. Drinking hot coffee left over in my thermos from last night and munching on raisins, I stashed the remnant of my gear. Slinging my pack on my back, down the mountain I went. Hitting the Rainbow Trail, I turned south singing along and listening to the crunching of the snow under my boots. I was headed out towards the cabin on the top of Loco Hill about nine miles south. I tried to surmize how I could be so happy. Perhaps it was the comforts of the cabin I was headed for, hot tub baths with water being heated on the wood stove, an oil lamp to read by, plenty of hot food and gobs of hot coffee, even a battery radio, lying in a warm bunk at night and listening with earphones to my favorite country western coming out of Del-Rio, Texas. Yes, everything seemed exactly as it should be as I trooped down the trail, knowing full well that the cabin I was heading for was a mountain man's dream.

Arriving at the cabin and soaking up the goodies for better than a week, I began to get restless. I decided to pull out completely for the winter. It had snowed occasionally during my stay at the cabin and had deepened to about a foot. I could make it out easily enough, no need for snowshoes yet.

Slinging my pack, I bid the cabin good-bye. Coming off Loco Hill through Music Pass Ranch, I saw elk and deer moving down out of the heavy snow of the high country for the winter. This Blizzard Dean country, of which the beautiful Music Pass Ranch is a part of, is without a doubt an outdoorsman's paradise.

Being as no one stays in the country in the winter any more, when I hit County Road 106 it wasn't plowed out. With no traffic I walked the distance to Highway 69; my walk was pleasant enough. On the distant rolling hills there were several herds of antelope scampering about. Once, a short distance away, one lone coyote was standing on a ridge with his head down and his tail to the wind.

Reaching 69 I caught a ride in a pickup; and within a few minutes, I was back in town where I planned on staying for the winter.

A few days later, stopping at the Country Store, danged if I didn't run into Emery, an old prospecting friend of mine, dancing a little jig. He greeted me with a hug and a hello and started rappin'.

He said, "I been hearin' about you and that Marble country for quite a spell. Ya oughter stay outa there. I came close, I think, to the yeller up there. I got spooked bad around them caves up there. I think the Tommie Knockers was a working me over. It's been several years ago and I hain't been back since. And further more, I ain't never, never, goin' around them spooky caves anymore. You're gonna follow the snowmelt into that country some spring, mark my word; and when the snow hits in the Fall, we hain't gonna see anymore of ya.

At your age why don't ya start thinkin' about stickin' to the boardwalks like I do?"

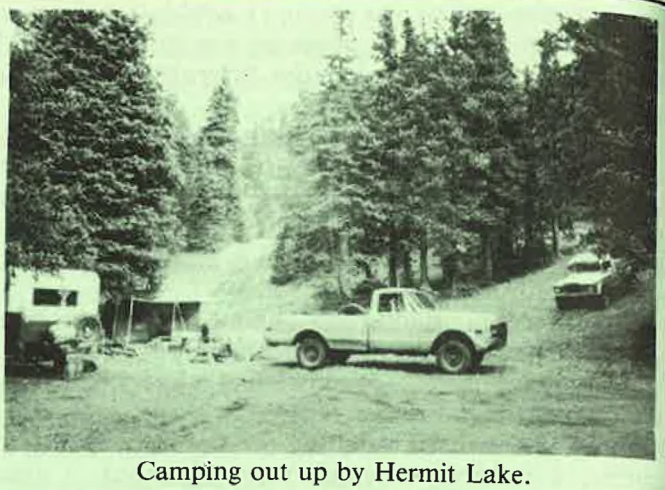
I said, "Well, Emery, are you happy hanging out in town all the time?" When I saw the look in his eye, I wished I hadn't said that. He just looked at me in a strange sort of way and said, "No, Mountain, I reckon I hain't." I said, "Emery, that country works on me like a magnet. Perhaps the early snows will catch me up high early some winter; and I don't make it back. At least I'm doing my thing."

Spittin' some juice in the gutter, rollin' his tongue around in his toothless jaws, he tossed a wad of well-worn cud at the hitchin' post and spoke.

"Yeah, I hear ya; I understand zackly what yer talkin'." Diggin' a poke of mail pouch out of the hip pocket of his tattered Levis, he glanced up toward the big range with a twinkle in his eye. At the same time tamping a fresh chew in his jaw, stuffin' the package back in his pocket, he said, "Well, Mountain, I'll be seein' ya," and he wabbled off down the boardwalk with a gait that seemed to me slightly a little more sprightly.

Yes, it's there alright and lots of it. I've dug it; I've fingered it; and I've just sit meditatin', watchin' it glitter in the flicker of my miner's lamp.

"Mountain Bob" frying some trout and boiling corn on the cob at Middle Taylor Creek campout this summer.

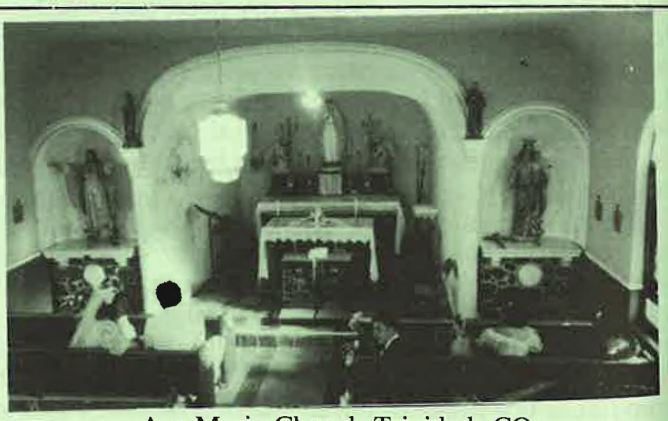


Camping out up by Hermit Lake.

Jacob, Ryan and Jeremy Harmon on a fishing trip on Saguache Creek.

The boys and girls having a little fun in the snow on top of Father's wood shed.

Tom Kosovich and Monica Trujillo were married Sept. 21 at the Ave Maria Chapel in Trinidad, CO.



Ave Maria Chapel, Trinidad, CO.

Gene Linnebur in his new home near Byers, CO. He has a big wheat and buffalo ranch operation east of Denver.

Shirley Linnebur in her new kitchen. The Linneburs have held fast to the Catholic Faith and are among the "pillars" of Our Lady of Victory parish in Aurora, CO.

Theta (Costa) Jones and Daniel E. Jones. How time flies! A few years ago my father and his sister Theta posed for this picture. This summer God called them both from this life. I was the priest at each of their funerals. We are meant to be pilgrims in this world and to build our treasure in Heaven.

Mrs. Agnes Talbot and Bishop George Musey near Sebastian, FL.

In Memory of

DANIEL EDWIN JONES

MAY 29, 1912-JUNE 10, 1985

Four folks who have finished their earthly pilgrimage. My Grandma and Grandpa (Daniel S.) Jones lived at 418 East Bijou in Colorado Springs. Tony Costa and Theta Costa are standing beside them. Theta was one of my father's 3 sisters. Nancy Urban of Colorado Springs and Maimie Hughes of Woodland Park, CO are still making life's journey.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

St. Thérèse of Lisieux

THE STORY OF A SOUL

Newly translated, with an Introduction, by

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— Introduction, *The Autobiography of St. Thérèse of Lisieux*

"The greatest saint of modern times."

ST. PIUS X

This famous statement of Pope Pius X—himself a great saint—was prophetic. When he paid Thérèse Martin this extraordinary tribute, she had not yet even been beatified! But in a few brief years Catholics the world over were echoing his words.

That an unknown French girl, born only yesterday in 1873, could in a mere half century have become one of the best-loved saints in the Church is a phenomenon that cannot be explained in purely human terms. It is unique in the history of modern Christianity, a prodigy of divine grace.

Thérèse was the youngest of five daughters. Her father, a prosperous businessman, gave his family a comfortable home. Above all, it was a devout home. The first sorrow of Thérèse's life, the death of her mother, came when she was only four. M. Martin then moved his family to Lisieux, where his late wife's brother and sister-in-law helped care for the children. The older girls, Marie and Pauline, also rose to the occasion, taking over many of their mother's duties, and gradually the Martins were able to pick up the threads of family happiness.

Five years later Thérèse endured another heartbreaking experience. Pauline, her "little mother," left home to enter the local Carmelite convent. Marie followed her four years later. Shortly after, Thérèse was seized by the same calling. Though only fifteen, she begged to be allowed to follow them. Her father agreed, but both the Carmelite superiors and the bishop thought she was too young. The bishop, however, changed his mind and Thérèse entered a few months later. Her ideal was simple, direct, heroic: "I want to be a saint."

The rest of her short life was, from any external standpoint, as uneventful as her early years. She was formally received into the order in 1889 and took her final vows the following year. In 1893 she was made assistant to the mistress of novices. Early in 1895 she began, in obedience to her Superior, to write the story of her childhood—afterwards expanded to this full autobiography. In 1896 she suffered the first attack of the illness that was to prove fatal; a year later she was dead at the age of twenty-four.

But this bare outline gives no clue as to why Pope Pius XI decreed that Thérèse of Lisieux was to be the equal patron, with St. Francis Xavier, of all the missions and the secondary patron of France with St. Joan of Arc. How did an obscure nun achieve such honors—so soon after her death?

The answer, of course, is her holiness—a holiness founded on unshakeable confidence in God, absolute love for Him. Her doctrine of sanctity is enshrined for the ages in her own phrase, "the little way of spiritual childhood." This teaching was not original with St. Thérèse. Christ Himself held out the same ideal time and again, as when He urged His followers to become "as little children." God chose Thérèse to dramatize this truth anew, reminding us that great love, not great deeds, is the essence of sanctity.

The heart of St. Thérèse's message is found in her autobiography. Indeed, as Pope Benedict XV affirmed, she could not have fulfilled her mission "without the world-wide circulation of *The Story of a Soul*." Accordingly, IMAGE BOOKS is proud to offer this spiritual classic in a brand-new translation. It is the work of John Beevers, distinguished biographer of St. Thérèse, whose book *Storm of Glory* is an IMAGE best seller.